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As Handsome as the Finest Furniture.

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GET A GAS RANGE!

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When used intelligently gas has been proved to be at least one-fourth cheaper than coal.

Sold for cash or on small monthly payments. Ranges delivered and connected free of charge.

Call and see them in operation. Also our New Vulcan Water Heater and many other economical gas appliances.

FOR SALE BY

The Indianapolis Gas Co.

YE WALKYNGE DELEGAYTE.

An Ancient Tayle Which May Have a Modern Bearing.

L. O. Reese, in Leslie's Weekly.

Once upon a time alle ye animals worked for ye Lion.

Now ye Lion was verie fatte & verie wealthie; also hys fur was sleek & glossie & he wore diamonds upon hys tayle.

& hys was soe thatte ye animals hadde a grievance.

"Behold!" they sesde, "we labor fourteehn hours daily in ye sweete of our browes & puelle down therefor less scadda than sufficeth to feede a sickle sparrow with worms; but ye Lion waxeth rich and haughty. Yea, by Hector & Jingle butte he hath ye longe end of itte and we will stande itte noe longer!"

Wherefore they rose uppe & went forth and stode before ye Lion & sesde,

"Lo! we have grown tired of workynge for ye funnie of itte! Look ye, O friend Lion, we would eate alle we want for a season; likewise we would have our younges ones going about with enoughe clothyng to keep out ye grippie microbe; also we would thatte we might be able to buy ye wife a new dress once in twelve moone & putte by an obolus or twain against ye raine daye!"

Thenne they were silent, one & alle regarding ye Lion and sayynge naught. Itte was uppe to ye Employer.

& ye Lion helde hys hedde upponne one side & pondered deeplie.

Now, ye Lion, though rich, was exceedynge wise; alsoe he hadde a knowlege of right & wrong.

"There is much truth inne whatte these animals have sesde," he thought. "Also there is justice. I will open uppe my hearte & do ye square thyng!"

And as he sesde, so itte was done. Ye animals hadde their wages increased; yea, there was steak fryng inno ye cottages & ye sounde of ye piano swelled from ye front parlor. Ye Lion heard and was gladd; for now alle ye animals were happy & contented and ye work went merittie on.

Butte aboute thys tyme ye Ass happened along.

"Ye news reacheth me," he sesde, "thatte ye have bearded ye Lion inno hys denne & made ye bluffe styck!"

"Itte is even soe!" sesde ye other animals, "as we are now welte payde & happy."

"Butte last ye have another grievance come tyme," sayde ye crafty Ass. "Lette us organize & be ready for ye emergency."

Now ye other animals were honest & their hearts were without guile. Wherefore they sesde among themselves, "Lo! here

is ye Ass. He hath much shrewdness; alsoe hys tongue leatheth oratory even as a adve leteth loose water. Lette us, therefore, elect hymme to represent us-for he hath noe jobbe."

And they made ye Ass to be ye Walkyngge Delegete.

Butte soe soon was ye Ass arrayed inno hys robes of office thanne he called a meetynge of ye other animals.

"Behold!" he brayed, "we will alle strike to-day!"

Then alle ye other animals were sore dismayed, for hys words do soe!" they sesde. "Behold! we receive many times more monie thanne we have ever hadde; also our wives and children be fatte & full of hay. Lette us, therefore, notte stir uppe ye Lion until we have another grievance."

"Am I notte ye Walkyngge Delegete?" he brayed.

Butte ye Ass rose uppe on hys hind legges & brayed ferociously.

"Am I notte ye Walkyngge Delegete?" he brayed.

"Yea, verie!" sesde ye poore animals, "but thou does notte work!" Itte is ye workynge animal who should say whether he hath a grievance & whether he wisheth to kock uppe trouble.

"Butte ye have elected me & I am going to start somethynge; else people will say I am notte a delegete!" sayde ye Ass.

"What a wonderfule manne ye Ass must be!" sayde ye Walkyngge Delegete orders itte!"

"Say ye strike to-day!"

& so ye strike to-day."

Ye Lion heard itte patientlie, though hys brow was gathered inno a frown & he liked itte notte. Butte he granted thys second request & ye Ass went away puffing uppe with pryde.

"Of a truth I am ye greatest thatte ever went over ye pyke!" he chuckled, "I hold Capital inno my power!" & he brayed so thatte ye noise of hys voice wente throughout ye land, & alle ye animals heard & sayde inno their simple hearts,

"What a wonderfule manne ye Ass must be!"

& agayne ye Ass called a meetynge.

"Behold!" he sesde, "Itte is tyme to strike agayne!"

But ye other animals remembered ye Lion's frown & they were sore troubled in spirit.

"Yea, notte soe!" they sayde, "Let us forget ye strike!" & he sayde, "I have booteh notte to twist ye Lion's tayle until he roareth!"

Thenne ye Ass went forth among ye other animals and brayed furiously & kycked thymme right & left until there was none left to oppose hymme. "Will ye strike now?" he belowed, "Or must I kyck a few more ribbes inno ye?"

And there was none brave enough to say hymme nay.

Thus itte was thatte ye Walkyngge Delegete who, though no laborer, and possessed of no braynes, yette ledde alle ye other animals inno another strike-though none among thymme alle knew wherefore or thatte they hadde a grievance.

& ye Lion heard of itte & was wroth. "Behold!" he roured furiously, "I have stodeo itte too long. Ye have wrought upponne my patience & thys is ye ragged end of itte!"

Thenne he arose inno hys wrath and went forth & scattered thymme from Dan to Beersheba. Yea, there was no more work & ye Lion kept hys vast wealth locked uppe inno hys stone coffers sayynge,

lede by an Ass, soe long wille there be nothynge doinge after ye cashier's desk!"

Butte ye Ass turned politician & suffered naught.

"For behold!" he sayde, "A man with a goode voice & a stronge kyck & a pulle canne always make goode, soe long as ye world is fülle of fool- & one graff is as goode as another anyway!"

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STRAIGHTENING OF AN EYE.

It's an Unpleasant, but Not a Very Painful Process.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Thousands of people in this ill-made world have bad eyes, and half of them don't know it. It's the wall-eyed half that doesn't. People squint and goggle and make faces and go around with their spectacles, and all because of muscle strain. You have an eye that does not rotate freely. The muscle on one side is too short. You do not realize it, but you are doing most of your seeing with one eye and the other is weakening and has never been quite developed. The unconscious but continued effort to make the two eyes focus together gives you a headache, and you lay that to your appetite and your liver and your cold and your high collar and high heels and other alien elements in the case. Eye strain has been held accountable for all manner of things—its, melancholia, dyspepsia, baldness and house maid's knee. Like all specialists, the eye specialists are apt to be extremists and they see a lot of things in other folks' eyes that are not there. Still, there is no doubt that eye strain is prevalent and injurious, and that many people would be better off for the brief and simple operation necessary to relieve it.

The operation consists in cutting the muscle that binds the eyeball. If it is in an inner muscle your eye toes in. If it is an outer one you have lobster eyes. John Drew is a conspicuous instance of the latter subject. He could be cured permanently in a few minutes.

So far, so good. But the operation is a tedious and fogged sight for years and had been slow to realize that it was due to muscular strain. Some gaudy headaches were possibly ascribable to it. The doctor said that the muscle known as the external rectus would have to be cut, and said in the coolest about, "Suppose we say on Saturday morning."

You see it wasn't for the doctor to be cut apart. It was for me.

Surgery at its best is bad enough so long as you are not the operator, but there is something particularly annoying about having your eye punched and scissored. I said to myself, "The prospect of this thing will keep me awake on Friday night. But, if I didn't, I would be a fool."

On the contrary, I slept well, and I believe I had been suffering from weakened vision every stage in the proceeding. A smiling invitation to recline on a leather covered operating table had to be accepted. Matters were gone too far now to back out. Beside, there was no desire to have it over.

A towel was put under my head. "This is

for gods," I thought, and I felt a rollick of joy under my hair. Another towel was put over my chin. "For more gods," I said to myself, and there was another rollick. The doctor put on a business-like apron. "The gods are sure to fill a pall," I meditated. Then the offending eye was propped open with a sort of cork, the long of which were screwed further and further apart until the optic bugs cut into space like a planet. With that began an intense desire to blink. I was conscious of the twitching of the lids in both eyes. The opened eye began to dim. Marks began to appear on the eyeball. The doctor began to be vague. This seemed to be the result of the drying of the eyeball, or it may be that the cocaine had something to do with it.

"Now look about here," commanded the doctor, holding a finger close before my nose, as it seemed, and I tried to do it, but the finger got so close I could no longer see it clearly, so I reverted to the ceiling. The conjunctiva was cut through, with a knife, as I suppose. It didn't hurt, worth mentioning; yet I have had lots more fun doing other things. It began to get on my nerves. "Now is the time when I suppose I am putting out volumes of gods," I said to myself. And I would have given dollars for the privilege of just one wink—not at the doctor, oh, no; an entirely serious wink, for the purpose of moistening the eyeball and relieving the strain of the fork. The opening in the conjunctiva gave access to the muscles, which were also touched with cocaine, and after another caution to stay quiet, the snipping of the tendon with scissors began. It was pleasant, in spite of the fact that there was not pain enough to speak of. I could feel a bolt against the eye as if from the outside. It was like getting a swinging punch in a boxing bout. The eye became quite dim and seemed to be drying up in my head. There was little blood.

Now let's see if you can concentrate the sight," remarked the doctor, holding a finger close to my nose again, as it seemed. I went through the motion of looking at it, but that there was too much of everything taken out of the orbit, but it seemed to clear the vision but little.

Well, that's all, said the surgeon, and I forthwith arose. My first discovery was that my feet were too far away. The next was that there was too much of everything in the room. In other words, my eyes had not adjusted themselves to a condition so friendly to my eyes, and I was seeing double. People who have enjoyed the experience known as a jag tell me that they see things that way. But this was a jag without any joy. The effect after walking a few steps was to suffer a giddiness that, in turn, induced nausea. I asked permission to lie down till it was past. There was no faintness, but a disturbance of vision that was as bad.

Finding that this was not likely to pass in some time, I presented myself for bandaging, something like ten yards of linen being wound about my head and my forehead being tied to the world, feeling conspicuous. A man having his boots blacked in front of a saloon asked as I passed, "Who does it?"

Another person gazing at the array of bandages inquired, "Was it an accident—or what?"

I told him it was what, and went my way. Orders were to go to bed and bathe the eyes with ice water, and this was easy, though the ice man objected to selling so small a lump of ice as I needed, for it was a hot day, and ten pounds wouldn't be one, two, three, he said. And he also wanted to know what I had been up against. Maybe he believed it, and maybe not. But for hours

after hour I lay alone in a darkened room and lifted pieces of torn-up handkerchief from the ice block to the wounded eye. Whenever I sat up to do this and opened both eyes I saw double, and the cocaine entering the circulation through the cut doubled had its effect in depressing my spirits. I had a sense that my sight, such as it had been, was gone forever, and a more dismal day I have not passed in many months. Probably if she had come along and whispered a few words, and had placed her hand on my brow it would have been all right; but she wasn't there.

Hour after hour the clock struck, but I had stuffed rags into the doorebell so that no visitor or peddler could announce himself; hence, there was no interruption to the rather mournful current of my contemplations. At dark I became aware that in twenty-four hours I had eaten nothing but a couple of small cakes, so I plastered up the eye again, dressed and rode down town to a restaurant where I retired to the most shadowy corner and had a modest meal. I likewise looked in at the shop, and as I had expected, at the sight of my bandaged head there was a general inquiry: "What did you call him?" "Which struck first?" "How does the fellow look?" "Does your wife know it yet?"

Well, the eye is straightened out. It takes time. Reading and writing are denied for a little, and after tiring the game eye there is a curious effect. Objects have a blue color, as seen through a blue glass. It is a comfort to see things double any more, and not to grab for handles on street cars that are somewhere else. If you have a wall eye you'd better have the surgeon put you on the table and snip you up into proper lengths, as if you were dry goods. Only do it young and save a great deal of headache.

"HOT WINDS."

The Real Destroyer of Corn and This Week's Rumors.

New York Evening Post.

Since rain fell in the corn belt, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the "hot winds" reports have ceased to disturb the grain markets. It is not believed, however, that there was at any time a condition of things which justified talk of hot winds. Others of railway traversing Kansas and Nebraska said this week that there is as much difference between a "hot wind" and the real "hot winds" as there is between a rain and a snowstorm. Dry winds caused by high temperatures are always threatening during a season of drought. The winds naturally aggravate the ill effects of the sun in absorbing moisture. Such winds are not peculiar to Kansas. A "hot wind," however, in a corn vernacular, is as distinctive a product of that section as the cyclone, and has as much individuality as a sandstorm.

The president of a granger road said this week: "If my memory is correct only one clearly defined hot wind has blown during the past twenty years. A drought, with subsequent hot winds, absorbing the moisture of the subsoil gradually, is common enough, but a Kansas hot wind of the real kind springs up inside of an hour, blows for twelve, twenty-four or forty-eight hours, and leaves behind it nothing but a trail of scorched-and-dried vegetation."

Neither in 1901 nor in 1904 did the corn failure result from this rare freak of nature. Drought killed the corn in the Mississippi valley, but there were no hot winds.

Philadelphia Ledger.

A Chicago newspaper calls attention to the fact that what will seem to persons who are addicted to the breakfast food habit on idler report. Several boys were about town throwing sample boxes of shredded wheat biscuits into front yards. The houses were about it and the boys were about the boys; and about as fast as the samples were distributed the houses collected them. Having got about all they could carry, they induced a generous farmer to give them a gallon of milk. This provisioned, the boys went to the prevailing high price of meat. It is asserted that stockmen are losing money on their shipments, and that commission men are advising their clients to stop shipments until higher prices rule.

The Price of Beef.

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CATCH TWO TONS OF CARP.

Detroit Fishermen Use a Drydock and Break All Records.

Detroit Free Press.

The Detroit Shipbuilding Company involuntarily went into the fish business yesterday and for a time had on hand a larger supply than any establishment in Detroit.

When the Orleans-street dry dock was pumped out about noon to make repairs on the Anchor line steamer China an unusual spectacle presented itself to the employees of the plant. After the water was lowered to about three feet of the bottom of the dock a great commotion was observed. As the water became lower the commotion increased and finally it was observed the dock contained a great school of fish. They were German carp, some of them weighing fifteen pounds and but very few less than eight or ten pounds.

When the steamer John Craig was docked for examination a large quantity of corn fell into the dock through the hole in the bottom of the boat. After the repair work was completed the dock was filled and the Craig floated out and no vessel has been in since then until yesterday when the China arrived with a loose wheel. In the meantime the river scavengers discovered the corn and began to feast. The whole carp family was evidently invited as over two tons of the big yellow and slate-colored fish were caught in the dry dock trap when the big barge was cleared. The fish were dumped into wagons and hauled away.

Tramps' Sumptuous Repast.

Kansas City Journal.

A half dozen hoboes had at Joplin the other day what will seem to persons who are addicted to the breakfast food habit on idler report. Several boys were about town throwing sample boxes of shredded wheat biscuits into front yards. The houses were about it and the boys were about the boys; and about as fast as the samples were distributed the houses collected them. Having got about all they could carry, they induced a generous farmer to give them a gallon of milk. This provisioned, the boys went to the prevailing high price of meat. It is asserted that stockmen are losing money on their shipments, and that commission men are advising their clients to stop shipments until higher prices rule.

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